

PRICE ONE PENNY.

DAVID'S SLING

AT THE STATE CHURCH GOLIATH,

And at Priestcraft in general.

By George Hows, Author of the Four P's.

Animals prey upon each other, Priests feed upon the people. I would have John Bull represented with a ring through his nose being led about by priests. G. Hows.

"Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

"Priests play the conjuror in dim religious shade."

"Priesthood, that makes a merchandise of heaven,
Priesthood, that sells, ev'n to their prayers and blessings,
And forces us to pay for our own coz'nage."

"The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy omens, we their price must pay;
In vain at shrines th' ungiving suppliant stands,
In vain, we make our vows with empty hands."

* * * "Why seek we truth from priests?
The smiles of courtiers and the harlot's tears.
The tradesman's oath, and mourning of an heir
Are truth to what priests tell;
Oh! why has priesthood privilege to lie,
And yet to be believed?"

* * * Very early one morning Gains rose, and going to where the cow was stalled, saw the sow lying on its fat belly beneath, with the teat in its mouth, milking, milking with all its might, and grunting complacently at the larceny.....The sow had fattened on stolen milk.....Many are the fat swine, and only fat at the expense of poor defrauded cattle.

"The wicked daws," said the hermit, "rob poor villagers and yet live in a church. They are old sinners, sir, those daws,—I know them. They'd take tithe of wool from a day-old lamb and the one chicken from the widow's one hen, yet there they haunt and roost in their grave black, and bring scandal on our dear old church by the rapacity of their ways."

"My Kingdom is not of this World."

"We desire the liberation of Religion from all State interference."

"All Legislation by secular governments in affairs of Religion is an encroachment upon the rights of conscience and a usurpation of Divine authority, and that the application of the resources of the State to the maintenance of any form of religious worship or instruction is unsound in principle, hostile to liberty, and opposed to the word of God."

On the First of October was published, price One Penny, by the same Author, THE FOUR P's, about which everybody is concerned.

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DAVID'S SLING, &c.

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, ONE OF THE LORDS SPIRITUAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

MY LORD,

On a certain day, in July last, as you and I know, the Corporation guns of Boston loudly boomed forth as your Spiritual Lordship entered that town:—fit salutes, on the *entree* of a Bishop of the Church of England, as by law established. Man, would a Bishop of the Church of Christ choose such a salute?

The cannon firing sheep and their Chief Shepherd, it would appear, perfectly understand each other and the nature of their "Law-Established" Church. As you and I both belong to the great republic of letters: I have an opportunity of reminding you of what Dryden has said; listen to the poet's words:—

"Your Saviour came not with a gaudy show
Nor was his Kingdom of the world below,
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn,
In purple he was crucified, not born;
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee."

Oh! human flesh and blood why do you allow the priest to degrade the man?

To you, Right Reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, I dedicate this pamphlet, without your Lordship's permission. My Reverend Lord I beg to inform you that on Monday morning, July 9th, 1849, whilst your Spiritual Lordship was delivering your divine charge to the Clergy in the parish church of Boston, I, George Hows in my peaceful cot wrote the following pages.

This, my Sacred Lord, I think rather a singular coincidence, what think you, Right Reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop of Lincoln?

I can put my hand upon my heart and say that I speak and write upon matters spiritual, because I have something to say—true, *you* write and say something on such matters too, but do you speak simply because you have something to say, or do you speak and act in your spiritual capacity because you are *paid* so to act and speak? What say you, spiritual potentate? I'll tell you how the public pronounce in the matter—thus, that you are a gross hireling; and I, in this particular entirely agree with the public decision. Silvery words and moral precepts

will not, with the wise and good, disguise the cheat. These are uncomfortable times for the like of you, Sham Bishop. You and your predecessors in the Church, have neglected to perform your and their duty towards the people. Your lordly infidelity and the infidelity of your reverend brethren in looking after the fleece instead of attending to the flock, has filled England with a race of English heathens.

Infidel state priests have made infidel people. The Church has neglected the people and they naturally rebel against that Church. Providence beautifully orders matters so that neither you nor I nor any one else can neglect duty without being punished for such neglect. The Church has neglected her duty and the consequent punishment is fast coming home to her.

How dare your Spiritual Lordship call yourself a minister of the religion of Christ? If Jesus were at this moment to demand an account of your stewardship, how blanched would your cheek become! where would you hide your guilty head? Surrounded as you are by all the paraphernalia of infidelity to the meek and lowly Jesus, to wit, your purple and fine linen, your palaces, your equipages, your luxuries, your immense wealth;—surrounded as you are by all these unmistakable evidences of your infidelity, do you ever think of the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief who had not where to lay his head? do you ever dream of the poor English heathens by whom you are surrounded, and whom you rob to maintain yourself in your infidel splendour?

Adieu, Right Reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop of Lincoln:—think of these things most infidel and spiritual potentate.
G. Hows.

THE FAMILY OF P's.

In our last tract, which has had a very extensive circulation, we treated of the FOUR P's, viz:—Princes, Peers, Priests, and People, but we have by no means exhausted the numerous and ancient family of P's:—why there's that almighty P, the Pennee, (as Brother Jonathan says) which, kind reader, I hope will ever be Present in your Purse and Pocket; and then there's that all-important P, Piety, which, when genuine, is so good; and that necessary P, Prudence; and the man of the world's great P—Policy; and those luscious P's of that choice departed spirit, Charles Lamb, viz:—roast Pig and Porter; and those narcotic P's, the Pipe and Pigtail; and that incorrigible P, the Parliament; and that conspicuous P, (which will soon be extinct), the Pope; and those two very unpleasant P's, Purgatory and the Potheary; and that numerous company of P's, Paupers;

(royal, noble, and plebeian) and those other Four P's, Papists, Puseyites, Protestants, and Pagans; and the great Peripatetic, with Physic and Physicians; and the celebrated Peterloo; and Prigs, (Profane and Priestly); with Patriot Pioneers of Progress, to say nothing about Politicians, Poets, Policemen, Pawnbrokers, (Oh! thou art very *dear* to me—my *uncle*). Then comes, as large as life, the well nigh defunct P, the Protectionist, that Preternatural Political economist; and then there's Cobbett's Satirical P, Penetration, (we've Penny Magazines, Penny Post, Penny Steam Boats, Penny Rails, Penny everything but Penetration); and that substantial P of English celebrity and French aversion—Plumb Pudding, (may you, dear friend, have plenty on your table at Christmas, with abundance of good roast beef, with a prime Christmas log on the fire, and numerous smiling happy faces around your festive board); then there's that P to be avoided, Prodigality, (if not it will clip a great piece off the end of your life—you'll die at forty or fifty, instead of seventy or eighty; did you ever think of that, friend?) and then there's that badly paid P so terrible to the imagination of little boys,—the Pedagogue; and that witty, capacious-hearted, sentimental P, Punch (the less of the other Punch you imbibe the better); and that Pretty P, Polly, so much more Pretty when allied to that gracious P, Purity; and Rowland Hill's great P's for which we feel grateful, the Penny Post, (in the name of the People I here thank you good Rowland for that great boon;) and the Author's mighty P's, the Pen and the Press, (I mean the old-fashioned grey goose quill, your legitimate man of letters never uses a steel pen); and the culprit's luckless P, the Prison, (by the way, iron bars do not always constitute a prison—a scaffold is at times a throne,—a throne a scaffold; some one has said, but I don't know who, of Raleigh—

“A prison for a court!—an iron chain
For golden braveries! a chamber's span
For one whose very visions were of worlds.”

How beautiful! The Prison, too, brought forth Thos. Cooper's “Purgatory,” &c., &c., so that out of apparent evil comes good; and then there's that dire P, the Pestilence, which is not to be removed merely by Praying but by Performing (doing) also. Providence don't pay us a premium for dirt and stagnation, Providence don't do for us that which we ought and could do, to a great extent, for ourselves; then there's that very desirable trio of P's, Peace, Plenty, and Prosperity; oh may they soon arrive, but we have much to unlearn, much to learn, much woe and suffering to endure, ere Peace, Plenty, and Prosperity will visit us; and then there's poor Paddy's P, Potatoes, (thank Providence they are in a measure restored). In truth I find I could fill my

Pamphlet with P's, so numerous is the P family—like unto the Progeny of the Poor.

A PRIEST BY THE NOSE.

I must forbear speaking of these P's any longer, as I have a Pig by the ear—I mean a Priest by the nose, waiting for me. In truth the Priest has led the People about by the nose long enough, so by my holding the Priest up by the proboscis for a while I shall only be acting on the principle of *Lex talionis*, or in plain English, *tit for tat*. So reader, here goes, and I don't mean to let his reverence depart till I have showed his true character to the people. I'm not going to be scared from my purpose by Mrs. Walker or Mrs. Grundy; I can afford to speak what I think, I can afford to keep a conscience, and I care but little about the thoughts of those who never think at all. I am going to attack the Priest's nest, and before so doing, I affirm that I am prepared for the consequences:—

A HORNET'S NEST AND PERSECUTION.

Fielding truly says on this subject “Let a man abuse a physician, he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause, gratis; if he libels this courtier, that courtier receives him into his bosom; but let him once attack a *hornet* or a *priest*, both nests are instantly sure to be upon him.” Hence arises persecution, that great bane to religion. State churches and all other churches, and men should remember that it is not in the power of man to surrender his opinions at will; the institutions and societies which, and the men who demand us to make this sacrifice demand an impossibility.

Persecution has never been successful in extirpating opposition to any system, either religious or civil. The human mind is aroused and strengthened by opposition, and so far from yielding to persecution exerts all its energies in consequence of the attack it has to encounter. Thus is it with me reader, I have gained strength by opposition, and after I have done mental battle with my Priestly, Princely, and aristocratic opponents, I say (ironically) with one of Dean Swift's heroes “Kiek me again I like persecution.” Persecute as we may we cannot make all men think alike.

“To subdue the unconquerable mind; to make one reason have the same effect upon all apprehensions: to force this or that man just to think as thou and I do: impossible! unless souls, which differ like human faces, were alike in all.”

But, reader, one serious word before we proceed further; understand this, we must have Priests, we must have Religion, we must have the Bible, and these we must have *within* us, and if

we possess them not *within* we have them not at all. I shall, anon, have more to say of this *inner life*, in the mean time you try to find it out in your own heart, and cultivate it. Don't be deceived by those who say "Lo ! here is Christ " and " lo ! there is Christ," for remember the kingdom of *heaven is already within you*.

THE SLING.

Now to our subject, the Sling at the State Church and at Priestcraft in general. I am among those who believe that most institutions were good in their day and generation, and adapted to the then wants of the people. But institutions outlive their usefulness, are not adapted to the age and genius of the people. This is most emphatically the case with our State Church. The intellectual and thinking portion of the English community view our present law-established Church as a great corrupt, putrid, infidel wen which requires the immediate presence of the amputating knife.

Time was, perchance, when, as Dryden says :

" A parish priest was of the Pilgrim train,
An awful, rev'rend and religious man,
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And Charity itself was in his face,
Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor,
As God had clothed his own Ambassador.
True Priests, he said, and preachers of the word
Were only stewards of the Sov'reign Lord,
Who, should they steal for want of his relief
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truth he taught)
For Priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,
The Gold of Heaven, who bear the God imprint."

And who has not read and admired Goldsmith's village preacher ? but where are they ? where are these model State Priests but in the brain of the poet ? I have in my mind's eye the real picture of the Church of England Priest. before me—of the majority, I mean.—I know them, I have been among them all my life, I was baptised in the Church, confirmed in the Church, married in the Church, connected with the Church till I was twenty-five years of age, and like most other churchmen, I was a churchman *because I was not then a thinking man* !—the very first time I exercised my mind upon the subject of religion, I found that *the Church of England* as by law established was not the Church of Christ. I discovered it to be a cruel and crafty imposition on the pockets of the people. I well remember, however, when I was a churchman how much superior I felt myself to the "*plebian*" dissenter : and with what pious horror

I viewed those who dared to express theological views at variance with my priest-made "religious" (God save the mark) ideas. But where, we again ask, is Dryde's and Goldsmith's parish Priest? And Echo answers "where?" Arrogance, self-gratification, spiritual pride, these are the marks of the churchman of this age.

Then the following couplet demands our serious consideration.

"If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract the rust."

But the people do not now trust to State Priests, the people of England now know right well that of all their oppressors, (which indeed are many), the State Priests are the greatest. Yes, churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all, are silly, woful, awkward, politicians :

"Their interest is not finely drawn and hid
But seams are coarsely bungled up and seen."

Yea, the leading men of the country (State Priests included) uphold the Church, and other Ancient Institutions, not because they believe them to be truthful and Divine, but advocate them as a mere matter of policy, Forget it not, men and women of England; the idea of the truthfulness and the Divinity of our institutions has fled from the minds and hearts of even those who try most to uphold them; they are now only retained as a matter of policy,—hence their *early* doom is sealed. They have lost their virtue, their spirit, their vitality, they are rotten, they are counterfeits, therefore must speedily perish. But fear not, timid reader, because State Parsonship is about to be destroyed that religion will be endangered, for God has placed the greatest of all temples in the human heart, *that* is the abode of true religion; again, fear not because the days of spurious Kings, Priests, and Nobles are numbered. God will raise up a new order of Rulers, his own anointed Kings, Princees, Nobles, and Priests of Nature, in opposition to the old, inglorious, ignoble hirelings of diabolical art. Be not deceived by their soft words, their sublime prayers, their imposing ceremonies, their loud protestations, their eloquent discourses; I declare to you, that in spite of all these external appearances to lead the people astray, they know and believe in their heart of hearts that it's all a mummery, a stage play, a make-believe, to "awe and govern" the people and line their own pockets. This is as true as that God has ordained, that they, for their hollowness, iniquity, and pride, shall be speedily annihilated. But alas my country! alas for christianity! the one is suffering because of evil and selfish rulers,—the other is degraded by the practical unbelief of its chief professors.

Oh, how I mourn over the infidelity of my country; how my heart yearns to see a spark of the spirit of practical christianity

implanted in the hearts of Princes, Peers, Priests, and People. How could our infidel State Christianity of purple and fine linen, and gold and palaces, and equipages, and creeds, and catechisms, and articles, and homilies, &c., &c., ever have become attached to the name of the meek and lowly Jesus? By heavens! I look around me,—I survey christendom and am utterly amazed to witness the perversion of terms existing among the hireling priesthood. They dare to call themselves christians when they are emphatically infidels. Real christianity knows of no such “systems” as are prevalent under its name. How is it that Christ’s name has thus been villified by the assumed teachers of his religion? how is it that Christ’s simple and beautiful religion has been thus perverted? It is explained in a few words: the intelligent, selfish and crafty *few* have taken advantage of the ignorance, simplicity, and credulity of the ignorant many; it has ever been thus, it is so now, and will so remain till knowledge is more generally diffused;—till men become virtuous and wise they will remain the victims of selfish and crafty priests. Oh, my friend, hear with me a moment, it may be that you have derided the name of Jesus, or that you are a lover of his blessed mission. I have read the ancients and moderns, in some of whose writings I have found God-like ideas, but with these facts before my eyes I am compelled to say, when I contemplate the life, character, and writings of Jesus of Nazareth, that in Him was concentrated the goodly essence of all the ancients and moderns together, possessing withal a spirit of vitality, a *prestige*, if I may use the term, which is lacking in the philosophers of old.

When I look at the resources of the State Church, combined with the annual expenditure of the other denominations in Christendom, I stand perfectly aghast, and I exclaim, Infidel! Infidel! Infidel Teachers!

If the ministers of Christ really practised the precepts of Christ what a different world should we have. Look at the *vast*, *vast* resources in the hands of the religious denominations; look at the tiny results thereof. But Providence works strangely, the history of the world will bear me out in affirming that humanity, civilization, true religion, and practical christianity have ever been advanced by a band of self-denying, God-inspired, persecuted men, who have been actuated by the spirit within to propogate progressive views, without money and without price; have, during their life time, been the despised and rejected of the world, and died glorious martyrs to the cause of human progression and practical christianity. And these, the true ministers of Christ, have, during their arduous labors, been opposed by the rulers and great men, by the State Church, by many of the dis-

senters, in fact by all who make a profit by the present chaotic, infidel, hireling, "respectable" system. Review the history of the progress of man, and you will find that the best paid churches, institutions, and men have done the least towards christianizing the people,—that the worst paid churches, institutions, and men have done most towards regenerating the world. Thus God and Nature plainly declare that the carnal and spiritual worlds are as wide apart as the antipodes.

How is all this to be explained? . . . I'll tell you a story, reader, you will interpret it as seemeth good unto yourself.

PHYSIC OUT OF THE WRONG BOTTLE.

There was once a poor man who was very, very ill; he went to a physician, who prescribed for the patient. The invalid had the medicine made up at a chymist's shop. The patient, good easy, doomed creature, took his medicine regularly; he, however, kept getting worse and worse, at length he died. Horrible to say, it was soon ascertained that the chemist had given the sick man medicine out of the *wrong bottle*. The man of drugs, however, protested that the right medicine was administered, but that the patient *had not taken enough to cure him*.

Depend on it, the Priests of the world have hitherto given the people *spiritual pulpit physic out of the wrong bottle*.

They have poisoned their minds; and like the man of drugs, they say "*the people do not take enough of our heavenly pulpit cordial*." Reader, if you are capable of exercising thought, think of this story.

STRONG REASONS.

When a book, a tract, an incident, or a story don't suit us, we are apt to say "Oh! there's nothing in it, it's all declamation; we want argument, we've had enough of declamation, now give us your strong reasons." I will not stop to criticize your speech, friend, but as you bid me, proceed at once to my "strong reasons."

I presume that a State Churchman has made the foregoing remarks. And now, Mr. Episcopalian, let us first look at home, here in England with your Church of Colleges, and learning, and worldly wealth, and title, and rank, and talent, what do we see? I say *we* see, because *you*, and I, and every body else cannot possibly shut our eyes to the "great fact," Why this is what we see,—a country composed of carnal minded professing churchmen, ninety out of every hundred of whom know not the first article of their religion, are churchmen because their fathers were churchmen before them, are churchmen because it is "respectable" to go to church; are churchmen because it is most in accordance with their worldly interests to patronize the church.

Secondly. We see the majority of the English people resort to dissenting places of worship.

Thirdly. Our country is over-run with a rising population of heathens,—the consequence of the neglect of our law-established church. So much for England.—Now I will to Ireland, friends.

What do we find there? Just what was to be found three centuries ago,—a nation of Roman Catholics, (exceptions iew). This is summing up the matter in a small space. Your Church has had the funds, your Church has had the time, the wealth, talent, title, influence, &c.; your Church has made the experiment—AND IT HAS FAILED, because—the Church of England, as by law established is not the Church of Christ,—its ministers are not Christ-inspired men,—because State Priests have been giving physic out of the *wrong bottle*.

It may be, in your ignorance, Mr. Episcopalian, that you deem me an unbeliever, because I denounce your infidel church. I, however, reverence the religious feeling, when rightly directed; I love the Church of Christ, but I most emphatically deprecate act of parliament religion.

But now, friends, by way of a change, just listen to

A CHAPTER IN MY LIFE'S HISTORY.

On a certain day, as I was travelling on foot, weary and moneyless, (for I was then very poor,—I had in vain “asked leave to toil,”) within a few miles of York Cathedral, I allowed my imagination to stray so far as to make myself believe I was living three centuries ago. “Alas!” said I to myself, as I wended my way towards that magnificent pile of ecclesiastical architecture, “alas! I am poor, and destitute, and weary, and heavy laden with cares, but, thanks be to God, when I reach the city of York my temporal and spiritual wants will be cared for and supplied; for the religious houses are open to the poor, to the like of me; and as I thus communed with myself my heart leapt with joy, as my eyes surveyed in the distance the dimensions of that sublime Cathedral. “Yes,” continued I, “although the Priests are many of them no better than they ought to be, and the religion they teach abounds with superstition, yet, to speak fairly, our church is the poor man’s church, for one-third of its revenues are applied to the relief of the destitute.” Oh! friends, what a change came over the spirit of my dream! in a few minutes the poor man’s vision was dispelled. My poverty, my destitution, my care, my weariness remained; but I was not living three centuries ago, but existing in the year of our Lord 1840, in Protestant England. Yet the Cathedral, in all its magnificence, stood before me, but the religious houses were all gone, they are nowhere in the kingdom to be found among protestants; of a sad truth the modern State Priest has robbed the poor man of his share of the church revenues. The present

Church of England is not, as heretofore, the poor man's church."

In due time I arrived at the city of York. I had no money to pay for lodgings or food; I laid myself down, unobserved, in the open air, beneath the shadow of that venerable pile, and kind sleep soon soothed my cares for a time. Ere I closed my eyes I said to myself, "How the people are enchanted by those who are arrayed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, and who, with uplifted hands say 'thy kingdom come,' but their power of enchantment will soon cease, the people begin to find out that the purple and fine linen man's kingdom is the *present*, is *this* world and the fatness thereof. Those who are arrayed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, say in their hearts when they pray 'perpetuate the kingdom *present*, *our* will be done on earth.'"

Looking at the Cathedral by the light of the moon, I thus continued to muse, "The brick and stone of which this magnificent pile is constructed has already out-lived one set of opinions, and ere long will out-live another set of opinions. A house divided against itself cannot stand. A full sack hung across a line and punctured at each end will soon be empty. The State Church just represents such a sack; the top of which is being emptied into the great *depot* of Evangelical dissent and Rationalism, whilst the bottom is fast running towards Rome. The temporalities of the Church, the lucre, however will preserve the institution for a short time longer, and present her in her true character to the world, viz:—as a *Carnal Church*." On that same night, reader, I dreamt I was feasting at the poor man's table, in one of the religious houses of the olden time, and I was awoke early in the morning by a most terrible dream, methought the Cathedral had fallen down with a tremendous crash about my ears." Reader, that was a dream which will ere long be realized in the Spirit.

CHURCHES NOT SANCTUARIES.

Do you not see with me, earnest friend, that Man has built

* The Monasteries were schools of learning and education, for every convent had one person or more appointed for the purpose; and all the neighbours that desired it, might have their children taught grammar and church music there without expense. In the nunneries, also, young women were taught to work and read, and not only the lower rank of people but most of the noblemen's and gentlemen's daughters were taught in these places. All the monasteries were in effect great hospitals, and were most of them obliged to relieve many poor people every day. They were likewise houses of entertainment for all travellers.—Burns' E.E.C. Law, Vol. 2, p. 545.

NOTE.—Our Roman Catholic Ancestors bequeathed their money to the Church for Roman Catholic purposes; at the Reformation the funds of the Church were appropriated by the Protestants to Protestant purposes. Another step remains to be taken, viz:—for the People to take possession of the People's Church for the benefit of the People. We cannot recede, we cannot stand still, we must advance.

G. H.

Churches innumerable, but that the Almighty has not made them Sanctuaries; that tens of thousands of preachers and teachers hold forth in whited sepulchres, that the price of a king's ransom is yearly expended on priests who therein officiate, and yet we behold the people practical infidels—they are ignorant, neglected, and destitute; they suffer, they die of starvation.

How is this? Why are our thousands of temples, our tens of thousands of priests, with a yearly income amounting to a king's ransom, a vain oblation in the eyes of the Creator. Because our temples are raised to false Gods, because we have not Christ-inspired teachers, because the priests only pray when they should work in and supplicate for the cause of human redemption; because the wealth of our Churches is expended on ill-informed, selfish, hollow-hearted, and incompetent teachers, because our systems of religion were founded when men held false and contracted notions of the universe; these false and contracted systems are still perpetuated.

Behold mens' minds must become expanded in the Science of Theology even as an enlarged Knowledge of the universe has been developed to man. The only hope for the people of these nations is a new and regenerated ministry—they who for the love of wealth become teachers of the people are not called of God. These are the priests of the temple of Mammon, saith the Most High. They look forward for livings and fine houses, they think more of the fleece than they regard the flock. Behold in lucre, houses, land, &c. are to be found their carnal "call." The true priesthood are inspired by the Most High, they are irresistably impelled from within to preach the gospel of love and wisdom to the people; they are actuated by the Christ Spirit:—

• • • My space is exhausted. I must conclude by observing that our State Church—this episcopal monument of England's degradation, has raised its brazen head so high that all the people of the civilized world have looked upon it, and as they have viewed this, our national disgrace, they have cried shame, shame, shame on England's State Church and Priesthood!—but anon, when they see her crumbling in the dust, they will exclaim **HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!** Behold the day of her dissolution is at hand, for she is at this moment trembling from foundation to pinnacle! • • • Reader, we would not injure the bricks, mortar, and stone of these venerable monuments of art, but we would have religion separated from the State, and methinks I hear the people heartily respond *Amen, so be it.*

On the 1st of December will be published, price 1d., dedicated to the Queen,

SHAMS,—OR PROFESSION VERSUS POSSESSION.

R. ROBERTS, PRINTER, BOSTON.